

This Ain't My First Rodeo

Vern Gosdin

You say you're mama called and you must go
She's down in the bed and needs you so
And you don't know if you'll be coming home tonight or not
But, honey ain't you're mama sick a lot
Lately, you're head hurts every night
Could it be you wear your cloths too tight
Since you don't seem to hear a thing I say or do
Then I know there's nothing I can do for you

This ain't my first rodeo
This ain't the first time this old cowboy's been throwed...
This ain't the first I've seen this dog and pony show

You're telling me you lost you're wedding band
Somehow you say it slipped right off you're hand
And when I asked about those boxes stacked there by the door
You say it's just some old things you don't wear no more
I didn't make it all the way through school
But my mama...didn't raise any fool
I may not be the Einstein... of our time
But honey, I'm not dumb and I'm not blind

This ain't my first rodeo
This ain't the first time this old cowboy's been throwed
...This ain't the first I've seen this dog and pony show
Honey, This ain't my first rodeo